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THE YOUNG EXILE.

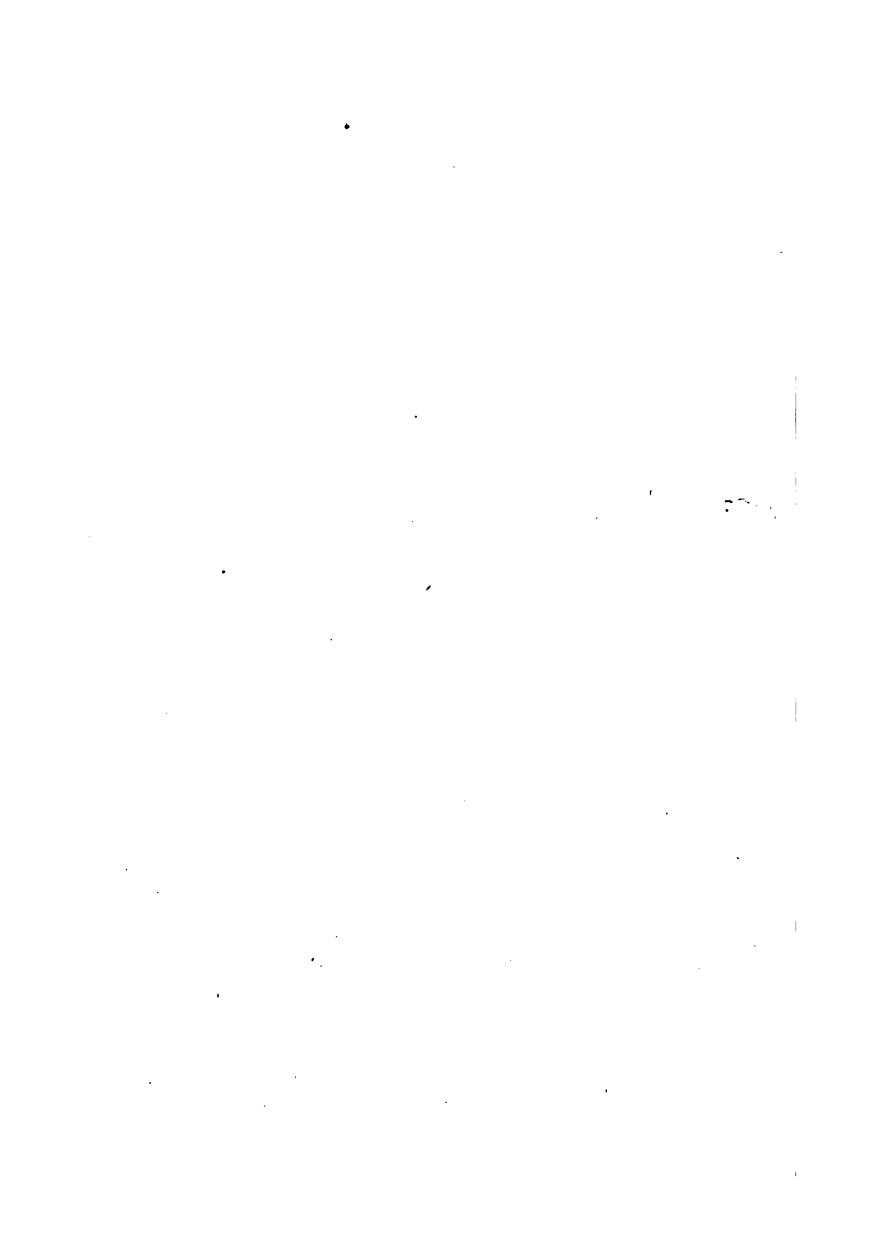


OR  
THE STORY OF  
A  
SPANISH JEW

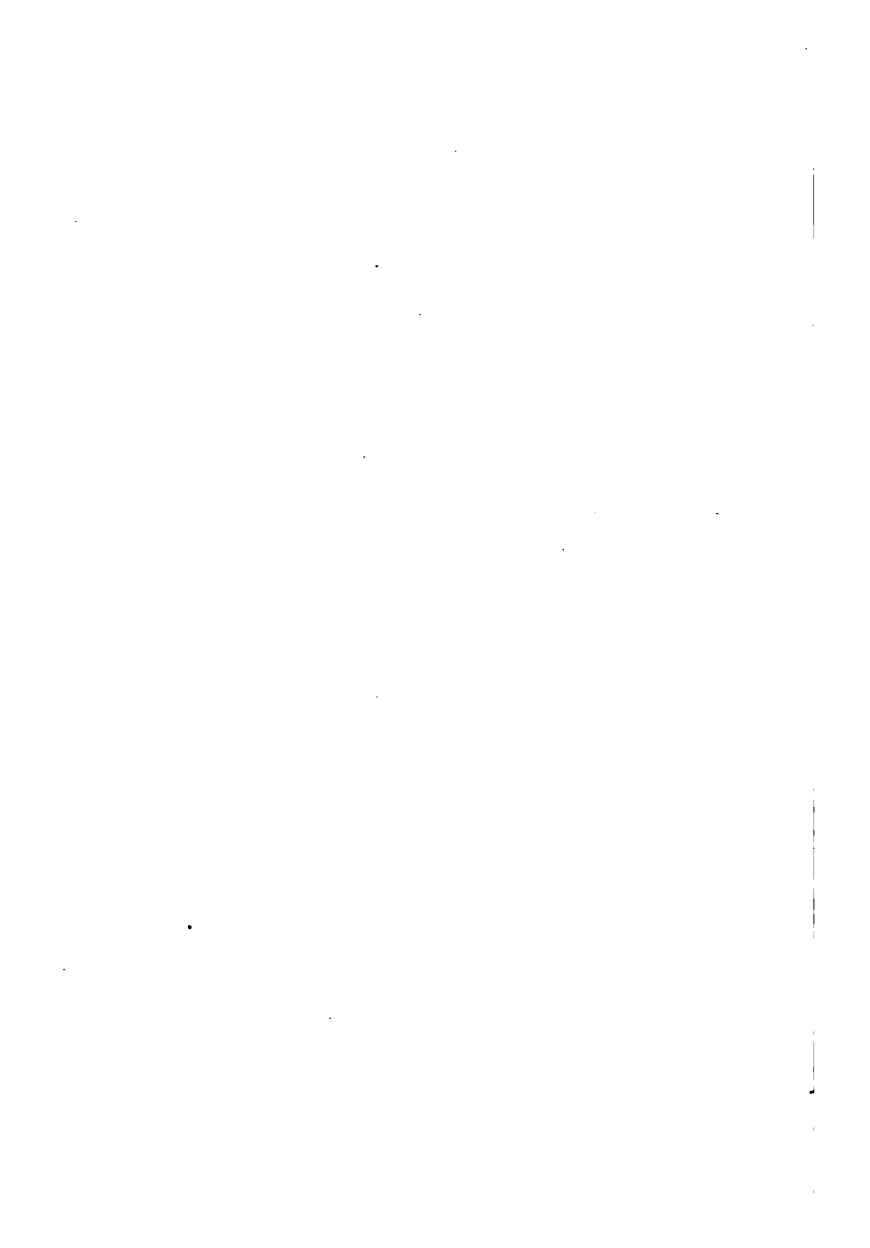
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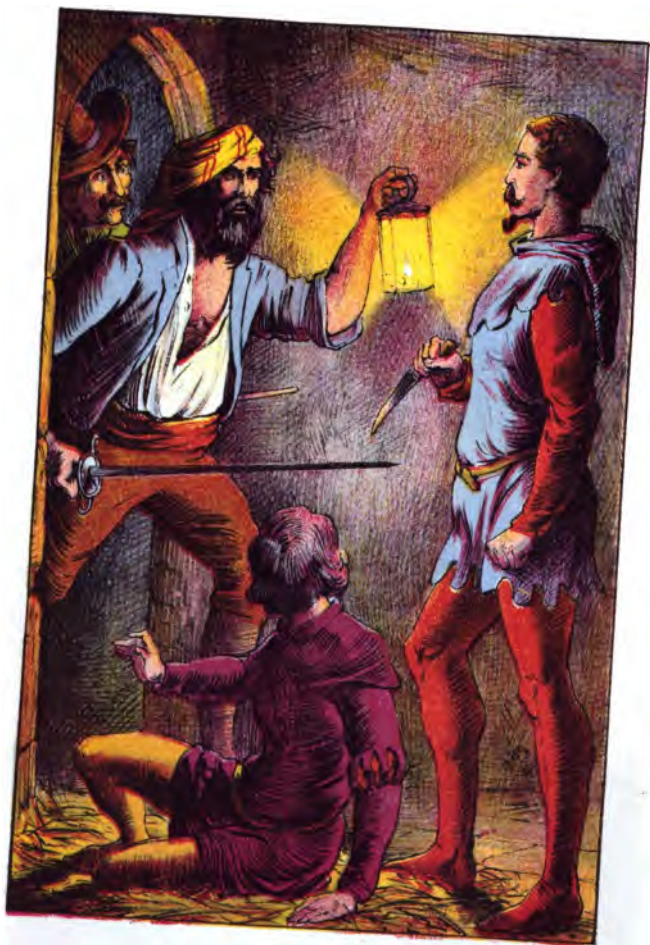


THE YOUNG EXILE.









THE YOUNG EXILE;  
OR,  
*THE STORY OF A SPANISH JEW.*

TRANSLATED BY  
MRS. CAMPBELL OVEREND.

'They shall be wanderers among the nations.'—HOSEA ix 17.  
'The Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other. And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life.'—DEUT. xxviii. 64, 66.

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THE YOUNG EXILE;  
OR,  
THE STORY OF A SPANISH JEW.

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CHAPTER I.

A NATION OF WANDERERS.

**I**N the Middle Ages, Spain, more than any other country, was inundated by a multitude of Jews, who established themselves in different places, especially in those parts of the country then occupied by the Mohammedans. But the latter were not destined to possess it long in peace. A succession of bloody struggles between the followers of Mohammed and the Christian kings of Castile and Arragon ended in shaking, and at length destroying, the dominion of the Moors.

In 1492 King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella

his wife presented themselves, at the head of a considerable army, before the walls of Grenada, the gates of which were opened on the 2d of January, after a long resistance. The Bishop of Toledo in the first place, and then King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, entered the city to take possession of it, followed by a division of their army, by cavalry, and by forces too considerable not to shake the confidence of the people, even at the very first, as to the pacific intentions of the conquerors. The magnificent palace of the Alhambra was soon invaded by Spanish soldiers; the flags of Castile and Leon floated over its towers and minarets; Grenada was conquered. The infidels entreated for peace at the feet of their Catholic majesties, and the *Te Deum Laudamus* resounded in the streets of the Moorish city. The Inquisition began to act: under the mask of zeal for religion, it sought for its victims. The Jews who were then living in Grenada appeared a natural and easy prey. But King Ferdinand had borrowed from them the money and the arms necessary for the campaign; it therefore seemed impossible to gain over the king to the cause of the clergy. They had recourse to fraud. The most improbable actions, laid to the charge of

the descendants of Abraham, were very soon related, and believed among the Catholics. The Grand Inquisitor, Torquemada, taking advantage of the popular superstition, and of the great power which he possessed at the Court, ordered that, at the end of three months, all Jews who should refuse to be baptized should be expelled from the kingdom, and that all their property should be confiscated.

The unfortunate descendants of the people of God were filled with terror when they heard such a proclamation. It seemed as if the days of mourning and lamentation described in the Book of Esther had returned again. Yet a ray of hope shone on them for a few days. The celebrated Rabbi Abarbanel, whose name is still venerated among the Jews, had been then living at the Court of Ferdinand for about eight years, thanks to the numerous services which he had rendered to the Spanish cause. The old man wished to plead for his brethren. As it was more easy for him than for any one else to enter the apartments of the king, he hastened to throw himself at the feet of the monarch, and to ask for favour to the Jews, even with tears. He even offered a sum of six hundred thousand crowns if the fatal decree might be repealed.



At the sight of his despair, and the offer of the ransom, Ferdinand was moved ; he was hesitating when Torquemada entered the room, and exclaimed in an indignant voice, ' What ! would you imitate Judas, who sold the Son of God for thirty pieces of silver ? There is the Christ ! sell Him, if you like, for six hundred thousand crowns.' Throwing a crucifix upon the table, the Inquisitor rushed furiously from the room. Ferdinand and Isabella looked at each other as if petrified with terror. The Inquisition had gained the victory ; Abarbanel was banished from the palace, and the persecution began.

Torquemada began by sending out, in all directions, priests and monks to persuade the Jews to embrace Christianity. Only a few yielded to their threats and their promises ; most of them prepared to quit the country. Their greatest difficulty was to realize their fortunes before their departure. In vain they besought the Christians to buy their houses or their goods : no one cared to pay them for what they might have for nothing a few months later. The unhappy Jews were obliged to exchange objects of great value for things indispensably necessary for a distant journey. One gave his house for an ass ; another his vineyard for a piece of cloth.

It is true that the decree of proscription prohibited the Jews to carry away either gold or silver ; all their riches were to pass into the treasury of the Inquisition and of the king. Nevertheless, some of the fugitives succeeded in concealing a little of their property from the eyes of their persecutors.

The general departure began in the first week of the month of July. Young and old, rich and poor, set off ; some on foot, some on horseback, upon mules, upon asses, or in carts. The poor travellers suffered innumerable hardships. Death and sickness decimated them on the way ; many, exhausted with hunger and thirst, lay dying in the ditches by the wayside. Their rabbins vainly endeavoured to revive their courage by causing them to sing psalms to the sounds of flutes and drums. Like their ancestors of old, they were flying from persecution and oppression, but without a Moses to lead them, and without a pillar of fire to light them by night. The presence of the Lord was not among them, as formerly in the desert of Sinai. A part of the emigrants was composed of about fifteen hundred families, who embarked at Carthage, Barcelona, Cadiz, Valencia, and Gibraltar, going to seek a more hospitable soil in Africa, or Italy, or in Asia

Minor. Shipwreck, fever, plague, hunger, and the cruelties practised upon them by the sailors, in succession, increased their misery. Very few landed in a state of health to bear the burning sun of Africa, and most of the survivors perished by the daggers of the Bedouins or in slavery. Some others landed at Genoa, in a state of complete exhaustion. The priests met them at the harbour, promising them bread if they would abjure Judaism. Thus the Romish Church tried to make proselytes by taking advantage of the misfortunes of a persecuted people.

Another party of fugitives directed their course to Holland, in order to join the Portuguese Jews, who were still very numerous at Amsterdam, where they have a fine synagogue.

Lastly, several who were little inclined to quit the honours, the prosperity, and the wealth which they enjoyed, to go as beggars to a foreign land, joined externally the worship of the Romish Church, while remaining Jews in secret, notwithstanding the continual persecutions to which they were exposed.

It is the history of one of the descendants of the latter class that is told in the following pages.



## CHAPTER II.

### SECRECY AND FEAR.

**I**N the beginning of the present century the jeweller Matteo lived in a small village in the neighbourhood of Toledo. As he was outwardly a Roman Catholic, he went from time to time to the mass, not to excite suspicion against him ; but at heart he was a zealous Jew, special head of his brethren in Spain. He enjoyed among them the great consideration due to his learning and to his profound knowledge of the history and traditions of their ancestors. He possessed a certain number of books of the Talmud, which he most carefully concealed from view. He had read them all, and knew many passages of them by heart. His son, Benoni, attended for some years the public school kept by the monks of a neighbouring monastery. Every day, when the

child returned from school, Matteo made him repeat exactly all that he had learned under the direction of his instructors. The father blamed, censured, and rejected everything which was in opposition to Judaism. He instructed Benoni faithfully in the religion of his fathers, at the same time making him take a solemn oath to keep this a profound secret. The recommendation to secrecy was scarcely necessary; everything mysterious is irresistibly attractive to the imagination of a child. Benoni was enthusiastic in his love for the books of the Talmud. He was familiar with Hebrew from his childhood, and he was soon so fascinated by the marvellous stories of these traditions, that he sometimes even forgot his meals and his boyish games.

These favourite volumes were, however, most carefully concealed. Matteo outwardly professed to be a member of the Romish Church; he attended punctually all its services, mass, and the solemn processions that frequently took place, and caused his son to do the same. This became more and more intolerable to Benoni. He remonstrated with his father, and reproached him with his apparent zeal for Romanism, while he really detested it from the bottom of his heart.

‘It is wrong,’ said he, ‘to act against our consciences ; we ought to profess our faith openly, whatever may be the consequences. Do you not believe that the God of Israel can even now come to the help of His people ?’

‘Doubtless,’ replied Matteo ; ‘yet have not our brethren been forced to leave their possessions, and to flee like beggars ? From the moment that you should confess the religion of your fathers, you might expect the most cruel tortures.’

‘Then may God help us !’

‘You would be hopelessly lost, and would drag your parents with you to destruction.’

‘Why should we not go and live in a country where we might openly profess the religion of our ancestors ?’

‘That would be possible for us, but not for our poor brethren, who are not able to follow us ; therefore we must not forsake them. Who knows whether, if they were deprived of their head, their zeal might not slacken ? It is probable that they would become the prey of the Roman clergy. The God of Abraham has given me the mission to keep them in the true faith.’

Benoni did not know how to reply, and went away sad and thoughtful.

As often happens, the most prudent person is sometimes taken unawares. It was thus with Benoni. Among their hidden books there was a pocket edition of the Hebrew Psalms, which he often took with him in his Sabbath walks. One day, seated on a lonely hill-side, he was reading the prohibited book. For some time Benoni's solitary walks had appeared suspicious to the monk Estevan, one of the boy's former teachers in the monastery. It was some time since Benoni had left the school, as he was now twenty years of age ; yet the monk watched him. He hid himself in the wood near where Benoni was sitting, and before the poor young man, absorbed in his reading, had time to hide his precious volume, the monk came out of his place of concealment.

'What are you reading there, Benoni ?' said he to him. Ignorant as many of the monks were at this time, he was not acquainted with Hebrew. Benoni was in an agony.

'Our ancestors have left us some Hebrew volumes,' said he, 'which we keep in our families and read occasionally.'

'Give me this book !' said the monk. Benoni was about to refuse, but Estevan took it by force, and hastened away without uttering another

word. A speedy flight would have been the only means of safety for the young man ; but his proud and enthusiastic character caused him to prefer the glory of suffering martyrdom, like those of his people who had died at the stake for their fidelity to the religion of their fathers. He resolved to brave the worst, and to hide his adventure from Matteo. But a few minutes after his return home, the officials of the Inquisition came to arrest him, dragged him away, and thrust him into a dismal dungeon.








## CHAPTER III

### THE INQUISITION.

N the 30th November 1808, the forcing of the pass of Somosierra opened to the French the road to New Castile. The Emperor Napoleon was marching upon the capital of this province, whilst his generals Lasalle and Valence, at the head of the light cavalry, directed their course to Toledo. Fighting their way, they reached the walls of the city, near which flows the yellow waters of the Tagus. Crossing the gardens of olive trees in the suburbs, the French, sword in hand, penetrated into the centre of Toledo. Some German artisans guided them to the prison of the Inquisition, the doors of which were very soon broken open. Some of the prisoners had been already delivered, when a furious mob of

Spaniards again attacked the conquerors ; but the swords and guns of the French soon quelled the inhabitants of the city. General Lasalle could again return to the unfortunate victims of the Inquisition.

What a horrible spectacle met his eyes ! The French soldiers who had been set to guard the prisoners had been cruelly massacred. A mob of the lowest of the people, excited and led on by fanatical monks, had taken advantage of the absence of the troops to make their way into the Inquisitorial prison, and there murdered mercilessly not only the French soldiers, but also some unhappy captives, who were rejoicing in the hope of deliverance. Justly disgusted with so odious an action, the General ordered the doors of the dungeons to be opened. The axe and gunpowder easily effected this. The jailors were compelled to guide the French into the labyrinths of the prison, where they found hideous forms, moving with difficulty in an infected atmosphere ; living spectres, with long beards, crooked nails, stunted limbs, bent backs, and sunken heads. General Lasalle insisted on seeing the whole of the place. The numerous instruments of torture, the poisons of every kind intended for the punishment of the victims, seemed to freeze

with terror even the old veterans accustomed to the horrors of war.

One of the instruments of torture merits a more ample description. In one of the cells of the prison was placed a statue of the Virgin, whose head was crowned with a luminous aureola. A rich flowing dress of silver covered the statue; but when this was raised, it was seen to be clothed in a sort of coat of mail, through which might be seen a multitude of small steel blades and sharp-pointed nails. The body of the statue was put in movement by a spring, skilfully concealed within the wall. An official of the Inquisition was forced by the French General to explain how this machine was used. The prisoner convicted of heresy was brought into this cell, which was all dark except by the brilliant glow shining from the aureola of the Virgin. They gave the holy communion to the prisoner, and invited him to make a confession. 'The gracious Virgin calls thee,' said the monks; 'she opens to thee her arms. Pressed to her bosom thou wilt feel thy heart softened, and thou wilt confess.' The figure of the Virgin then began to stretch out its arms. The priests led the unhappy victim towards it; he felt himself slowly drawn to the breast of the statue, whose arms closed

upon him. Its close embrace soon caused him to feel sharply the darts and blades which slowly pierced his flesh. Often, overcome with suffering, he confessed all of which he was accused ; in other cases, silent and immoveable, he fell unconscious, and covered with blood, in the arms of the figure of the Virgin.

Such were the scenes which took place in the palace of the Inquisition. The condemned generally groaned for years in these damp and loathsome dungeons before suffering a public execution—that is to say, death at the stake. The *autos-de-fé* took place only on great occasions. A month before the day fixed on for an *auto-de-fé*, the officials of the Inquisition paraded the streets, blowing trumpets, to announce to the people the delightful spectacle that was to be given to them. Then without delay a large amphitheatre was constructed, where the king, the nobles of the kingdom, and the most influential of the clergy were to be present at the death of the condemned. In the middle of the enclosure were placed two sheds, intended for the prisoners, and also two pulpits. In one of these was placed the herald, whose office it was to read the list of the condemned, and in the other stood the court-preacher.

On the morning of the fatal day a solemn procession came out of the church, and went towards the place of execution. At the head of the procession marched the servants of the executioner—men whose office it was to kindle the fires—and the Dominicans. When they reached the centre of the amphitheatre, they raised an altar, over which floated the standard of the Inquisition by the side of a large cross covered with crape. This preparatory scene took place before the rising of the sun. The Dominicans waited for the dawn, singing psalms and litanies. At seven o'clock the king appeared with all his suite. At eight o'clock arrived the great procession, comprised of inquisitors, of executioners, and of Dominicans, before whom was borne a white cross; then a Spanish duke holding up a standard of red damask, on one side of which was embroidered the arms of Spain, and on the other a sword surrounded with laurels. Then followed the nobles, the members of the tribunal of the Inquisition, and then the unfortunate victims, walking painfully, with naked feet and uncovered heads, clothed in a linen dress marked with the red cross of St. Andrew on the breast and on the back. First came those who were con-

demned to slight punishment; then followed those condemned to the galleys or to perpetual imprisonment; then those who were to be burned, but first strangled, because of their repentance.

A paper cap, called *Loroja*, covered the head of each of the victims. It was decorated with pictures representing fire and demons. Then came the hardened heretics condemned to be burned alive, who wore upon their heads a *Loroja* three feet in height. Each of the victims carried a red wax candle. After the long train of the condemned came men who carried the effigies and the bones of the prisoners who had died in the dungeons or under the torture. A troop of cavalry, the guards of the Grand Inquisitor, and the Grand Inquisitor himself, robed in purple, closed the procession.

I cannot here give you longer details of such revolting scenes, which, it is sad to say, took place too frequently in Spain.

If the Inquisition by this means succeeded in destroying what they called heresy, Spain thus lost nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants during four centuries—that is to say, from 1481 to 1820.

All those miserable victims were not true

martyrs of the faith. Some of them had been condemned for political reasons, or were unbelievers, who were given up to the Secret Tribunal.





## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

**L**ET us now return to Benoni. He had been for two days imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon when General Lasalle came to set the prisoners free. What was Benoni to do? Ought he to return to his parents, and expose himself and them to danger if the fortune of war changed, or ought he to provide for himself in the future? He was sorely perplexed. One of his brethren, with whom he had secretly taken refuge, advised him to escape to Holland, and join the emigrant Portuguese Jews. He resolved to follow this advice, which he could do the more easily, because Matteo, always fearful of being sooner or later expelled from Spain, had caused Benoni to study carefully the languages of other countries, especially those of Holland and France. Pro-



vided with money by his friend, and furnished with a passport from the General, Benoni travelled towards the Pyrenees. The first part of his journey was prosperous. At the end of some days he found himself on the high road between Bayonne and Bordeaux, very weary, and anxiously looking for an inn where he might pass the night. He came to a little village, which did not seem to offer much accommodation; but our traveller was content with little—his small resources obliged him to limit his expenditure to simple necessities. He hoped to find at Bordeaux some Jews of his acquaintance, who would not refuse him help.

As he crossed the threshold of the little village inn, another traveller entered at the same time. The stranger could speak Spanish. He invited the young exile to come and share his humble repast. Benoni hesitated. Being a Jew, he was uncertain if he ought to eat with a Nazarene.

‘Let not that prevent you, my young friend,’ said the stranger, to whom Benoni expressed his scruples. ‘If I were a good Catholic, I should not have been in a dungeon of the Inquisition, from which I have just escaped.’

‘I too have just escaped from them!’ exclaimed Benoni.

‘How? Were you to have been burned, as I was to have been? A good fire is pleasant at this season, but that of the Sacred Tribunal is a little too hot. Come, take a chair; let us drink together in honour of our deliverance. Landlord! bring a plate and a glass for this gentleman. You see, my friend, I care neither for Jew nor Christian. Provided one is an honest man, it is no matter to me.’

The pressing entreaties of the stranger overcame Benoni's scruples, and without more ceremony he seated himself at the table. When the repast was finished, the Spaniard ordered cigarettes and a bottle of Bordeaux, and, turning to his young companion, he asked him to relate his adventures.

When Benoni had told his story, it was the stranger's turn to speak.

‘I had the imprudence,’ said he, ‘to let fall some foolish words about the monks and the clergy when I was in the society of friends in whom I had perfect confidence. I little suspected that the conversation had been reported, but that very night I was seized in my bed and thrown into a dungeon of the Inquisition. I frankly confessed the truth, and soon after I was condemned to the stake. My execution, as well

as that of many other unhappy victims, was to take place at Toledo. We set off in procession ; on the evening of the fourth day we reached the suburbs of the city. The king came to meet us, surrounded by his court ; he saluted the Grand Inquisitor, and we followed in his train. We marched through an immense crowd, that had assembled to witness the spectacle. It was night ; the streets were lighted by numerous torches. We were on foot, guarded by two officials of the Inquisition placed on the right and on the left of each prisoner. I walked on without courage, without hope, having no other prospect than the near approach of a terrible death. Everything seemed to be whirling around me ; I heard nothing but noise and tumult. All at once the horse of one of the cavalry reared, started off, and threw his rider. There was a sudden rush to catch the furious horse. It caused confusion in the procession ; people were crushed, thrown down, trodden under foot, and uttered loud groans. The tumult, the crowd, the darkness, the uncertain light of the torches, and the frightened horses awoke for the moment my scattered senses. I looked around me, I darted from my place, I tore off my paper cap, and I was soon lost amid

the crowd. After running as fast as I could through several streets, I found myself at last in a very quiet place. Silence, as if of death, reigned around me. It was a solitary street ; everywhere both windows and doors were shut. I at length reached a house, through the open door of which I saw an old man busied in melting metal. I entered abruptly, I shut the door behind me, and, seizing the old man by the throat, I threatened to strangle him if he did not immediately promise to help me. The unfortunate man, filled with terror, tried, but in vain, to escape from me. Then taking down a sword which was hanging on the wall, I said I would pierce him to the heart if he attempted to flee. He threw himself at my knees, entreating for mercy. I reassured him, by telling him that I only wanted his help in my urgent need. While I had been speaking, I put the key of the door in my pocket, when a new cause for uneasiness made my heart beat again. I heard a noise in the next room. Placing myself before the door, the entrance of which I guarded, I said to Mordecai, for so the old Jew was named :

“Did you not tell me that there was no one else in your house?”

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "it is my child, my dear child."

"The smallest falsehood will cost you your life!"

"Abraham is witness that it is my little girl."

"Call her! let me hear her voice."

"Father, let me out!" exclaimed a child's voice from the inner room.

"I opened the door. A little girl rushed towards the old man. I caught her, and held her by the arm.

"This child," said I, "shall be the pledge for my safety. I shall never let her go till you have helped me; and the instant that I suspect you of treason, I will plunge a dagger in her heart." The Jew began to tremble; his face expressed the anguish that he felt.

"Allow me to embrace her once more!" said he.

"They fell into each other's arms. Mordecai exclaimed:

"Dear Leah, well beloved wife, now amongst the blessed in Abraham's bosom! I swear that I will do all that I can to save my child! Stranger, from this moment your cause is mine. What do you wish me to do, sir? Speak, I am ready!"

“Get for me without delay the costume of a Spanish gentleman. Give me also a few drugs, this chafing-dish to prepare them, and I will free you from my presence.”

‘Mordecai went out. I retired with the child into the house, and shut and double-locked the door. Till this moment, my nerves had been in a state of extreme excitement, caused by the hope of being set free. But whenever the danger had passed, I fell into such a state of prostration, the natural consequences of very violent emotions, that I would have been incapable of giving any account of the preceding events. It seemed to me that all my strength had forsaken me ; it was as if my soul as well as my body had been left in the dungeon of the Inquisition. I looked at myself in a glass. I shuddered when I saw my face, haggard and prematurely old. It was only the shadow of a man. It was but the reflection of a magic lantern on the wall !

‘The child was in a deep sleep. I heard Mordecai come in. He undressed himself, and stretched himself on a carpet. His heavy breathing soon made me aware that he was asleep. I opened the packets containing the things desired. Besides the clothes, were found

three vials of essences and syrups, a small weighing machine, and a little bowl. The chafing-dish was near at hand. While I arranged my necessary luggage, I fell all on a sudden into a state of insensibility, which made me fear for the result of my enterprise. I made an almost superhuman effort, and mixed "*the Elixir of Long Life*," of which a stranger had formerly given me the recipe. I swallowed a few drops of it with difficulty, but immediately after I had tasted it I felt the most marvellous effect of this comforting drug; my blood began to circulate anew, and I fell into a sweet sleep.

'I awoke refreshed and strengthened; my body had recovered all its elasticity. The child was still sleeping. I thought it was useless to awake the old Jew; therefore packing up my drugs, and throwing on my shoulders the cloak provided for me, I fled by a concealed staircase leading to the roof, according to the Spanish fashion. Roofs in Spain, you know, are so constructed that one can go from one to the other without much trouble. Profiting by this circumstance, I went along the roofs of the houses until I found an open window. I entered the house, descended unobserved, and found a door

open to the street. The darkness protected my flight. I was once more free!

'There is but little more to tell you. I travelled as a doctor. I made marvellous cures by means of my elixirs, and I thus gained enough money to travel to the south of France, which was the object of my desires. There, at least, one might hope to be shielded from the Inquisition. I therefore made my way towards the Pyrenees. I reached Bagnères, where I cured a great number of sick people. I am now on my way to Paris.'

Benoni had listened to this story with very conflicting feelings. Much interested in the deliverance of the Spaniard, and yet angry at his conduct to one of his brethren, he was in turn red and pale with emotion and indignation. Yet, all things considered, he pardoned the stranger, and ended by accepting his offer to accompany him to Paris. The principal reason of his hesitation was that, as he had so little money, he did not think himself able to travel on a footing of equality with a Spanish gentleman. The stranger would not accept this excuse.

'I am rich enough to pay all expenses,' said he; 'and if by any chance money should



fail us, I can profit by my medical knowledge to get more.'

Benoni was too proud thus to depend on the generosity of a stranger; he therefore accepted the obliging offer only on condition of doing a servant's work.

They travelled on foot. Don Tejo (this was the Spaniard's name) took care to inquire in every town where they stopped about the sick, to whom his assistance might be useful. He was well paid for his advice, and in this manner he was able to provide liberally for the expense of the journey. The remedies he prescribed appeared to produce an immediate and salutary change in the state of his patients, and he thus gained their complete confidence.

One evening the two travellers reached a little village, at a short distance from Poitiers. They were so fatigued that they felt themselves unable to travel farther. Nevertheless, the inn where they stopped seemed to them rather suspicious-looking, and it was not without hesitation that they crossed its threshold. Several men, with a rather repulsive appearance, were seated round a table drinking and playing at dice. After the arrival of the strangers, they talked together in a *patois* which could not be under-

stood by any one else ; while at the same time they cast significant looks on the strangers, which did not escape the attention of Don Tejo.

He asked for a bed ; they put down a little straw on the floor for him. The men who were drinking went away, and the doctor as well as his servant remained in darkness, notwithstanding all their protestations. They were obliged to lie upon the straw bed which had been made up for them, yet not without having looked from within the door of the room, so as to guard against surprise. Don Tejo was unable to sleep ; he turned uneasily on his straw. Just as the clock was about to strike one, he heard a mysterious noise. It was impossible for him to see out of doors ; the night was dark, and the rain was falling in torrents. He seized his hunting-knife, and was ready in case of an attack. A secret door, that he had not previously noticed, was gently opened in a corner of the room, and admitted a man furnished with a dark lantern. Six of his companions entered after him. To see this, and to start to his feet, was a momentary affair to Don Tejo ; but the strangers were well armed. They easily seized his hunting-knife, took by force his

travelling-bag containing his drugs, and then went out and closed the door after them. All had taken place as quickly as possible, before they had seen any trace of the innkeeper. He soon arrived, grieving that thieves had taken his cow, and swearing that he was innocent of any theft against Don Tejo. On the other hand, Don Tejo said that he had no other course to take than to appeal to the police court of Poitiers. All searches having been useless, nothing was ever heard of the bag or of the money which it contained. It was the sole possession of Don Tejo.

‘It is therefore impossible for me thus to continue my journey to Paris,’ said Don Tejo to Benoni. ‘I must remain in this place and try to compound more drugs with the little that remains to me. I do not wish to keep you longer. There, take this piece of gold, and try to reach Paris with it ; I shall follow you as soon as I can. When you are in Paris, go to the Palais-Royal ; go into the third shop on your right hand, and there they will give you my address. Farewell ! I wish you a good journey.’

Benoni separated from his companion. He was not sorry to break off all connection with a

Gentile who appeared to him to be an atheist. He went on his way, assisted from time to time by his brethren, and he reached Paris in safety, but without a penny in his pocket.





## CHAPTER V.

### HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

**H**AVE told you the condition of our hero when he arrived in Paris. Ragged clothes, and a stick cut from the hedge on the way, were all that he now possessed. He thought that if he could see some of the wealthy Jews who lived in the capital, he might be generously assisted by them, and that they would give him at least enough to carry him on his journey. But his hopes were vain. The Jews seemed to care little about his adventures, and carelessly threw him a few pence, insufficient for his need. Benoni was in want of everything. It was winter; he was frozen with cold; with great difficulty he had got a miserable lodging for the night. For three days he had had no food. As he lodged in a narrow street off the Rue St. Honoré, near St. Germain l'Auxerrois, he thought that if he went

to the Pont Neuf he might perhaps have a chance of meeting some charitable person who would help him. His appearance might indeed excite pity: his torn clothes showed that they had been long used; his stockings and shoes were so full of holes that mud and snow easily got through them; and his pale cheeks showed that he had been long without food. The poor young man did not yet know that in Paris such misfortunes are common, and scarcely attract the eyes of the passers-by. He now learned this hard lesson. Priests, laymen, merchants, and artisans, all going to their various places of business, troubled themselves very little with the wants of poor Benoni, who, weak, tottering, and scarcely able to stand upright, leaned against the parapet of the bridge, and looked with a melancholy eye at the waters flowing past. By degrees all became indistinct; a thick veil seemed to cover his eyes, his thoughts were no longer clear, and at length he fell unconscious on the pavement. It was at the very hour when M. Edme Champion<sup>1</sup> usually came to the bridge.

<sup>1</sup> The interesting story of M. Champion is published in Messrs. Oliphant and Co.'s Juvenile Series, under the title of 'Little Bluemantle,' the name by which M. Champion was known in Paris.

He saw the poor young man lying unconscious in the street. Accustomed as M. Champion was to judge of physiognomy, he soon saw that poverty, and not misconduct, had caused the suffering of the young man. Edme Champion was never without the requisite necessaries. He applied a bottle of smelling-salts; and as soon as Benoni had recovered his senses, he caused him to swallow a few spoonfuls of a strengthening cordial. After having provided for the wants of the poor people who were waiting for him on the bridge, M. Champion returned to Benoni.

‘Whence do you come?’

‘From Spain, sir.’

‘Whither are you going?’

‘To Holland.’

‘Have you any money for your journey?’

‘No.’

‘Have you any trade?’

‘Yes.’

‘What is your trade?’

‘I am a jeweller and goldsmith.’

‘Well, will you work for me? I can give you a place in my workshop.’

‘Oh! I would do it willingly; but I am a Jew.’

‘What does that signify if you are honest, and if you know your trade?’

Benoni opened his eyes ; he could not understand. Could this benevolent man be an unbeliever, an atheist, like his former travelling companion ? But he had scarcely time to reason about it, and wished at least to try what his new acquaintance was. Yet his conscience would not permit him to be silent respecting some scruples which were very near his heart. He said to his new friend : ‘Sir, I cannot work on the Sabbath-day.’

‘Very well, neither shall you work on Sunday ; but I reckon that you will do as much work in five days as my other workmen do in six. If you are faithful to your God and to His law, you will be faithful also to your earthly master.’

Benoni assured him that he certainly would.

When they reached M. Champion’s house, the young traveller was allowed time to recover from his fatigue. It was not until the Monday that Benoni was admitted to the workshop. M. Champion, to whom he had related his story, silently watched him ; he soon saw that his new *protégé* was an able and industrious workman.

Benoni had now a secure position. He wanted for nothing ; but one thing especially offended



him in the house of his benefactor. It was a crucifix, placed in a conspicuous situation. He firmly refused to work in making golden crosses, or any other article of the same kind. He said he was forbidden by the law to make 'graven images.' M. Champion, far from being offended with this, was very glad to find that his workman had so delicate a conscience. Fidelity to his belief was a pledge of fidelity in everything else.

Some of the Jews with whom Benoni became acquainted at the synagogue expressed to him their displeasure with his connection with a Christian. He simply replied, that he enjoyed perfect liberty of conscience in M. Champion's house ; that this kind benefactor had saved him from starvation.

There were other trials awaiting Benoni. As soon as he was settled in his kind master's house, he wrote to his father, to tell what had become of him. Matteo was rejoiced to receive the good news, yet he felt uneasy that his son was working for a Christian.

'How does it come to pass that you have not yet broken all the ties which bind you to the hateful Gentiles?' wrote he to his son. 'You have voluntarily placed yourself in a state of dependence on a man who is a worshipper of the

Crucified. You tell me that your master is very good, kind, and tolerant. So much the worse—the danger is so much the greater for you ; you will only be the more easily ensnared, and inclined to come into closer connection with those who have led us into captivity. I should die with grief were I to hear that my son was worshipping the images and gods of the Gentiles, and forsaking the law of Moses. Let me entreat you, break your engagement, leave Paris, and go to join our brethren in Amsterdam. If you refuse to do this, I shall cease to be your affectionate father.'

These pressing entreaties on the one hand, and his affection for M. Champion on the other, perplexed and tortured Benoni. He acknowledged that Matteo was right, but he could not resolve to separate from his benefactor. He tried in vain to modify the scruples of Matteo. Suddenly the father appeared in Paris. His wife was dead ; he had no other child but Benoni ; the solitude in which he was left was insupportable to him, and he set off to be with his son. Benoni was rejoiced to see him, yet he was justly uneasy about the consequences of the visit.

'I cannot understand,' said Matteo, 'how and

why you could resolve to make your home with a Christian.'

'My brethren were pitiless; they did nothing for me. A Christian had compassion on me; he saved me when I was dying of hunger, and he has given me work. Would I not have been mad if I had refused his helping hand? It reminds me of the story of the good Samaritan, who bound up the wounds of the unhappy man who had fallen among thieves, whilst a priest and a Levite passed on the other side without troubling themselves about him.'

'Away with your stories, and the monks that have related them to you! It seems to me that you have a better memory for their ridiculous fables than for the law of your ancestors. Do you not know that it is written, "Strike, break, destroy, and humble this proud kingdom?"'

'I know it, I know it,' replied Benoni; 'but what could the Talmud do for me when I was dying of hunger? I gladly seized the hand which gave me bread, even when I knew it belonged to a follower of the Crucified.'

'O you miserable unbeliever!' exclaimed Matteo. 'What a disgrace you are to my grey hair! If you had been faithful to the truth, you would have chosen rather to die of hunger than

to sit down at the table of a man belonging to the wicked people who have invented the Inquisition ! I understand the call of God, who has caused me to leave my country in my old age. It was needful that I should come here, to deliver my son from the snares of the fowler !'

M. Champion entered at the moment. He saluted the new-comer with his habitual kindness and courtesy. Matteo then spoke in French.

'My son has been living for some time in your house. I doubt not that he has sufficiently shown his gratitude to you for your kindness towards him. He must now set off this very day with me to Amsterdam, where I am going to settle.'

M. Champion was not a little astonished at the abrupt manner and words of the old man. He did not let the young man go without regret, but all his remonstrances were in vain ; Matteo persisted in his projects. On taking leave of Benoni, M. Champion told him that he hoped he would always look upon his house as a home.

'I hope that my son will never again be in a situation to require anything from you,' said the old Jew in a dry tone as he went away.



## CHAPTER VI.

### SEARCHING AFTER TRUTH.

**T**HE prejudices of Benoni had been by degrees much modified, and he no longer looked upon the Christians in so hateful a light as before. This change was the consequence of the kindness shown him by M. Champion. The latter had made no attempts to destroy his religious convictions, except by setting before him an example of fidelity, goodness, and justice. As soon as Matteo had his son again completely under his own authority, he laboured earnestly to destroy the good impressions which had been made on the heart of Benoni, and surrounded him with the most bigoted partisans of the doctrines of the Talmud. The young man was strictly watched; there were spies on his every movement. His connection with the Chris-

tians was treated as a crime, but they little suspected how much he despised the Nazarenes in his heart. He had read but too much in the Talmud about the superiority of the Jewish people over all other nations, and of their power in the time of their Messiah. He did not doubt the future coming of Christ, and the restoration of the kingdom of Israel ; but as to the doctrine of the Trinity, of the Atonement, and of the Divinity of Christ, these appeared to him secondary questions.

From the time of his arrival in Holland, he was surprised at the Presbyterian simplicity of the churches, into which he looked out of curiosity. He saw no images, such as those worshipped by the Romanists of Spain ; nowhere did he see processions, or any trace of the idolatrous worship which he witnessed there. He was bitterly reproached for these visits to Christian churches. Christianity in Holland appeared to him completely different from that professed in Spain ; but his bigoted brethren would not yield, and redoubled their vigilance in watching. This had no other result than to wound his self-respect, and to increase his wish to hear a sermon. It happened that, exactly on the day when Benoni took his place among the hearers, the preacher,

a venerable old man, very zealous in the cause of the people of Israel, took as his text Romans ix., from 1st to 5th :

‘I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh : who are Israelites ; to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises ; whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.’

These words were completely new to the young man, but they produced an effect contrary to what might have been expected. They increased his pride. He said to himself : ‘So the Christians themselves confess that the Jews have peculiar privileges.’ The preacher said : ‘If there is any Israelite among my audience, let him be sure that, far from hating him, we love him for Christ’s sake, and look forward with him to the fulfilment of the promises of Scripture.’ Whatever might have been the feelings of Benoni when he entered the church, he at least came out

of it with a heart much better inclined towards those whom he still regarded as the enemies of his nation. But these good impressions were not lasting. Benoni soon saw that, in order to live at peace with his brethren, he must keep apart completely from the Christians; and as he did not feel himself able to keep up a struggle with his father, he took pains to show himself a zealous Jew.

When the father and son reached Amsterdam, Matteo began his old trade. His son worked under his direction. From the time that Benoni had no longer attempted to keep up any communion with Gentiles, peace was restored to their household. This comfort, however, did not last long. Matteo was seized with typhoid fever, which carried him off at the end of a few days.

Benoni was now his own master, and found himself at the head of a business which amply sufficed for his subsistence. His position was a subject of envy to many of his brethren, and yet he was not happy. Often, in the silence of the night, when he lay vainly trying to sleep, the words of the Protestant preacher came into his mind. He detested the Christian doctrine, and yet he felt himself attracted by



its disciples. This internal struggle constantly tormented him. He went regularly to the synagogue, and when he heard the chanting of the psalms he was touched to his very heart. But he could not help remarking how cold and indifferent were most of his brethren during the divine service—how they went and came to the synagogue talking of their worldly affairs, of the rising and falling of stock. What greediness, what avarice, what jealousy, what envy he saw! All this caused him to feel much. After the death of his father he again became the object of suspicion to his old acquaintances; and as one day, after much indecision, he was going secretly to the Reformed Church, he saw in the distance Jews watching his movements. He then tried to go to another church, but found he was watched everywhere; it was impossible to glide in unperceived. From that day he quickly made preparations to quit Amsterdam. He quickly wound up his business, and one fine morning he found himself on the road to Paris.

His first care on reaching this city was to try to be admitted once more into the workshop of his former master. M. Champion was rejoiced to see the young man again, and Benoni

returned to the house as if he had never left it. He was as regular in his attendance at the synagogue as in past times, but he enjoyed the power of going and coming as he pleased, without being the object of incessant watchfulness on the part of the Jews. It is true that he had no temptation to desert the synagogue for the Reformed Church, since he was ignorant whether one existed in the capital. The other churches did not tempt him.

M. Champion left him complete liberty in religious matters, and congratulated himself on having a faithful workman, both skilful and industrious.

He invited him one evening to come into his room, and questioned him about the circumstances which had caused him to return to Paris. Benoni was naturally too frank to hide anything from his benefactor. He confessed to him that the bigoted spirit of his Jewish brethren had made it most disagreeable for him to remain longer in Amsterdam; that he was a Jew, and that he would remain a Jew, but that he did not see the necessity of keeping so much at a distance from Christians, among whom he had found such true friends.

‘You are perfectly right,’ replied M. Champion;

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'it is quite my view of the matter. I make no difference among those whom I help ; they all alike claim my sympathy if they are in want. When I take my daily walk on the Pont Neuf, I do not inquire whether the poor people whom I help are Jews or Catholics. They are all human beings, created in the image of God, and this is reason enough why I should assist them.'

This was the true feeling of the good Samaritan. But our readers know, that while providing for the poor and distressed such things as are 'needful for the body,' it is a paramount duty to tell them of the true bread and the living water ; to teach them the grand truth that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.





## CHAPTER VII.

### THE DOCTOR'S CONVERSION.

**A** SHORT time afterwards Benoni was seized with illness. He had not much fever, and no pain, yet his strength gradually diminished ; the prescriptions of the doctor whom he called in produced no improvement in his condition. The doctor himself was taken ill and confined to bed, so that he could not continue his attendance on his young patient. M. Champion then heard of a foreign physician, who was said to have accomplished many marvellous cures. He was named Dr. Ramires. Benoni was now so ill that his friends would scarcely have known him : he was wasted away, scarcely able to move his limbs ; and his weakness was so great, he seemed the shadow of what he had been. Nevertheless, the new doctor seemed to recognise him, and

spoke to him in Spanish. Benoni looked at him with surprise. Who could this stranger be? You will already have guessed that it was Don Tejo, of whom Benoni had not heard for a long time. While M. Champion was looking at him with astonishment, the doctor questioned him about the beginning and progress of his illness, and then caused him to swallow a few drops of his famous medicine, which soon produced a wonderful effect. The strength of the sick man seemed to revive. He looked up, and wished to question the doctor; but Don Tejo, desiring him to be silent, gently arranged his pillows, and desired him to try to sleep. Then he went away.

When the doctor returned next morning, he found his patient apparently much better. When they were left alone, Don Tejo spoke in Spanish. Benoni's ideas had become much clearer, and he recognised his old acquaintance.

'Oh! how is it that you are here, Don Tejo?'

'Hush!' replied the doctor; 'I am not now called Don Tejo, but Dr. Ramires. My enemies are searching for me, and I have been obliged to change my name, the colour of my hair, and my dress, so that I think now scarcely any one can recognise the person who once wore the paper

cap, and trembled at the approach of a terrible death.'

'What has happened to you since our separation?'

'Things have gone better with me than I had any reason to hope.'

'You have been very successful in your medical practice?'

'Yes; but it is not that to which I allude: I am speaking of a terrible disease under which I formerly laboured, and of which I am now cured.'

'How? Did you fall ill after my departure?'

'No, no; I was ill at the time. Did you not remark my levity, and my indifference to religion?'

'It is true,' replied Benoni. 'I was surprised to hear a man speak with so much levity about the principles of a religion for which he had risked his life. But I am anxious to hear how your ideas on the subject have changed.'

'Have patience. . . . I doubt whether my presence will be more agreeable to you now than it was then, for I think I perceive that you are still steady to your principles as a Jew.'

'Doubtless; but although I still believe the law and our traditions, I have nevertheless

learned to think better of the Christians, notwithstanding their detestable doctrine and their worship of images. Our law says: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." Christians pretend to respect and observe the ten commandments of God as much as we do, yet they habitually violate the two first.'

'It is only too true,' replied the doctor; 'but you have spoken enough for to-day. You must not be too much excited; to-morrow or the day after I will relate to you my adventures.'

Two days after, the doctor found his patient much worse than he had expected. When he took the medicine, it appeared to strengthen him for a time, but did not stop the progress of the disease. After a careful examination, Dr. Ra-

mires became convinced that there was no hope of Benoni's recovery, and that, if anything was to be done for the young man's soul, there was no time to lose. At his next visit the doctor offered to relate his history, and show how merciful God had been to him. Benoni listened attentively. Dr. Ramires thus began: 'When we separated at Poitiers, I spent my last crown in buying drugs from a Jewish merchant. After I had been so fortunate as to cure some sick people, my patients became so numerous that my purse was soon sufficiently well filled to permit me to go to Paris. I went thither by short journeys, attending patients at different places on the way. At length I arrived in the great capital. I took a quiet lodging, and began to practise with success. I was attending a patient who lived on the quay on the bank of the Seine. A little farther on I had another patient, an old gentleman, who wished me to visit him every day at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was a long walk to his house. On the way, I amused myself with looking at the stalls where old books are very cheap. Among those that I had the curiosity to look at there was a French Bible, containing both the Old and New Testaments. You know that this

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book is very little known in our country ; I had never read it. Ah ! thought I, here is the book on which both the Christian and the Jewish religions are founded. I should like to read it. Who knows whether from the spring itself purer water may flow than that with which the rabbins and the monks pretend to quench our thirst ? I bought the Bible for a few francs, and put it in my pocket ; but on my return home I completely forgot it. A short time after I became seriously ill. Obligated to keep my room, I suffered all the weariness of seclusion and solitude.

I remembered the Bible. I began to read it, and was scarcely able to stop, it interested me so deeply. I read the New Testament two or three times over. Then I began to compare the Old Testament with Judaism, and then the New Testament with the Romish Church. Both Churches differed in many essential points from what I saw written in the Bible, and I could not understand it. I believed, and I felt, that the Bible was in truth the Word of God ; but on what foundation, then, did these creeds rest ? I acknowledged myself to be a great sinner, needing pardon for my sins before I could inherit eternal life ; but how could I obtain this pardon ?

Not from the Romish priests ; that was clear. Perplexed, anxious, and uneasy, I passed some days in unspeakable anguish ; then I threw myself on my knees, and prayed to God to enlighten me. At length I obtained perfect peace. I cannot express my deep gratitude. From that moment I devoted myself to the service of God, and resolved to speak the truth to all my patients, and endeavour to arouse them to the necessity of preparing to meet their God. Soon after I was called to attend the daughter of a grocer living in the Faubourg Saint-Marcel. One day I spoke to her about the comfort and consolation to be found in the Word of God. Her eye brightened. "I am very glad," said she, "to see that you are acquainted with the divine source of strength which has sustained me in all my sufferings." Happily this young woman recovered. I became the friend of the family. Thanks to my intercourse with this pious family, I began to attend the Reformed Church, and to hear the pure gospel preached. A short time after I married the grocer's daughter.'



## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOPE IN DEATH.

**B**ENONI had listened with the deepest attention to the story of Don Tejo. From time to time he made signs of approval or blame. When the doctor had finished, the patient said: 'I have gone several times into the Reformed churches in Holland. I agree with you that this Church is much superior to the Romish Church, which is the scourge of Spain ; yet I cannot wholly agree with it. The doctrines of the Trinity, and of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, are contrary to our law, which says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Besides, the nation of Israel is the only people chosen of God. Neither the Reformed nor the Romanists have this privilege, as we see in the Bible, which our rabbins have preserved for us.'

‘Yet you will find the first trace of the doctrine of the Trinity in the first verse of your Hebrew Scriptures, where the name of God is plural, and the verb agreeing with it singular; as if it were intended, as the very opening of the Scriptures, to give us some intimation concerning that mystery which is afterwards more fully revealed, namely the *plurality* in the *unity* of the Godhead. As to the chosen people, you will find your difficulty fully explained in the Bible. But I did not come to enter into discussion with you; I wished only to relate to you the wonderful way in which the Lord has led me. If you had strength to read the New Testament for yourself, your opinions would certainly change.’

‘I would willingly do so, but I am too weak. Perhaps I might get my servant to read to me, if you would have the kindness to lend me the book?’

‘Here is a copy, which I usually carry in my pocket; keep it, for I have several others at home.’ He laid the Bible on his patient’s bed, wrote a prescription, and went away.

From that time the servant of Benoni frequently read the New Testament to him. Benoni’s illness was a lingering one, and he had time to hear the whole of the New Testament

from the beginning to the end. Yet his belief was unchanged. He returned to the Old Testament, to see if it agreed with the Talmud. It was in vain that he searched every book; he found that the Word of God was essentially different from the traditions of the Talmud. His mind became involved in doubt and perplexity. The doctor abstained from asking any questions, and left Benoni to his own meditations. Yet one Sunday he found his patient so depressed and sad, that he could not refrain from speaking to him.

‘Well, my friend, what do you think of the Bible?’ said he.

‘There are beautiful passages in this book, but there are others with which I cannot agree. I cannot understand them; and I feel so perplexed, that my poor head is quite confused.’

‘That does not astonish me; I have experienced similar feelings. The Word of God is obscure to us until we are enlightened by His Holy Spirit. One thing is needful for us; that is, to know that we are poor sinners, who have deserved the anger of God; that we must humble ourselves before Him, and beseech Him to forgive us for the sake of His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who died on the cross to atone for

our sins. Reflect on this. My duty obliges me to warn you that your days are numbered ; you will never recover. You must appear before the tribunal of God, and if you have not the Lord Jesus Christ as your Intercessor, all your privileges will be utterly useless to you. Pray to God to enlighten your mind to enable you to accept His offered salvation, and to give you His peace. Would you wish me to pray with you ?'

Benoni made a sign in the affirmative. The doctor knelt down, and prayed earnestly for the salvation of this descendant of Abraham. When the prayer was ended, tears were in Benoni's eyes, but he kept silent. Dr. Ramires said nothing more, but clasped his hand with an expression of sympathy, and left him.

The following day Benoni was more calm, yet his doubts were not quite cleared away. The doctor again prayed with him, and continued to do so at each visit. He perceived with thankfulness that there was a gradual work of grace going on in the heart of his patient. On the evening when Benoni died, the doctor saw when he came that there had been a great change wrought. The emaciated face of the dying man was beaming with joy and hope.

‘Praise the Lord!’ exclaimed he, as the doctor entered the room; ‘the Lōrd has cleared away all darkness from my soul. He has enabled me to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and for His sake I am made a child of God and an heir of glory!’

While the doctor still sat by his bedside, Benoni slept peacefully away. His last words were, ‘Come, O Lord Jesus!’



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